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A MODERN ETHICAL SYSTEM.

PRIZE ESSAY BY G. L. DAY, '82, OF NEW YORK.

The opponents of Christianity are seldom willing to confine themselves to destructive criticism. They hesitate to undermine the foundations which have so long upheld the superstructure of society and morality, without inserting some prop which may prevent a disastrous collapse. Deism substitutes the God of nature for the God of revelation, and the duties which the Christian reads in the Scriptures, the deist learns from the pages of nature. Others again would transfer the allegiance of humanity from a personal and omnipotent Creator to the ideals of art. Goethe has given a vivid exposition of this creed. Helen, the personification of Greek ideals of beauty, is the agent through whom Faust regains his manhood, and is rescued from pessimism and sensuality. The same idea is advanced more boldly by

Mr. Symonds. Such assertions as the following are almost startling: "The new light that rose upon the Middle Ages came not from the East but from the South, no longer from Galilee but from Greece." One able commentator upon Plato has gone so far as to express the wish that the Greek mythology and ritual might again be introduced as a substitute for the Christian religion. The insufficiency of deism and art to take the place of Christianity has been practically demonstrated by their failure. The last twenty years have, however, seen the progress of an attempt to supplant Christianity by a system more practically useful and, at the same time, more truly philosophic, than any theory which has preceded it. If it be true that each age is characterized by some one dominant idea, the latter half of the nineteenth century may safely be described as the age when development or evolution rules science and philosophy. Starting from one corner of science, this principle has spread into psychology, sociology, and ethics. It has been used to explain the mysteries of the human mind, to give an account of the existing order of society and government, and finally from this central idea has grown up a system of morality and religion, which has gained large acceptance, and which must command our admiration, even if we cannot subscribe to its tenets. A brief account of this system is the object of this essay.

When the idea was first broached, that perhaps the higher natural species are an outgrowth from the lower, and not the lower a deterioration from the higher—that perhaps there are some definite laws of growth and development, which may extend in their ultimate application to man himself, the immense importance of these speculations was not realized. Such principles as the process of natural selection and the struggle for existence were discussed in reference to past ages, and applied to trilobites and ganoids, to the exclusion of higher intelligences. Much was said of the long line of development which had preceded us; but little notice was taken of what the future might have in store for the race. Evolution was thought of as an explanation of present facts, rather than as a means of foretelling

the future. It is true that some of Mr. Darwin's most important additions to the theory of natural development were suggested by the speculations of Malthus upon social questions. But the theory of Malthus presented only the dark and repulsive side of evolution. He gave prominence to the fact that the weak must make way for the strong; that the poor must starve that the rich may have abundance. He saw no means of checking the increase of the race, other than allowing the surplus to die off, uncared for. But evolution has not left us to anticipate so dreary a future. It advances a far more comfortable doctrine. It teaches that the slow progress of development, which has advanced through so many ages, has not yet reached its culmination. The capabilities of the race are not yet exhausted. If the laws of evolution have produced sensation out of matter, and consciousness from sensation, may not these laws continue to bring us nearer and nearer to perfection, as a variable approaches its limit? Such a suggestion at once gives us a new conception of the race, and of our relation to it as individuals. We are no longer separate existences, but parts of an organic growth, each part having a definite function to fulfill towards the development of the whole. We have lost the surety, though not the possibility of immortality, yet our works do not die with us. We form a portion of the grand stream of humanity, but we are not destined to drift helplessly with the current. Our lives condition the lives of all who shall follow us, and with us it lies to advance or retard true progress.

Thus the evolutionist looks upon the race and his own relation to it. From this relation flow the grand principles of morality. The idea of oughtness in its strictest sense is gone, and in its place we find the idea of expediency. There is no longer accountability to a personal Being, but we stand before the bar of our fellow-men. The highest morality consists in earnest endeavor to help on the grand work of development. The highest development is reached where man is in harmony with the external world which lies around him. Hence antagonism to our natural environments is inexpedient and wrong, while

it is useful and right that we should strive to render normal our relations to our surroundings. Thus from a union of evolution and utilitarianism grows a system of morality which deifies the race, and places the individual in somewhat the same relation towards society, as Christianity establishes between the individual and his Maker. Mere utility is a creed which can never prompt to action, for it has no satisfactory answer to the question: "Useful to what end?" The answer comes from the doctrine of social evolution.

We need hardly call attention to the grandeur of this conception. We shall have occasion hereafter to compare it with the Christian ideas of God and immortality, yet we cannot but admit that it is the noblest attempt which the human intellect has made to give a significance to life without an appeal to the supernatural. Humanity is always attracted by the idea of a grand organization, a great society bound together by a common destiny. In such an organization man is willing to merge his individuality, and to identify his own interest with the interest of the whole. Even the Christian Church has reaped benefit from this principle of our nature. It was this principle which vitalized the Society of Jesus, which sent the followers of Loyola to labor in Protestant England and in the Swedish Court, to check the tide of reformation in Germany, and to dispute with the Indian Brahmins. But modern philosophy presents a far nobler object of allegiance than that which inspired the Jesuit. He looked no further than to a body of men called by his own name. But this system embraces in its wide philanthropy the whole race, and not only the race as it is to-day, but also the future of the race, which depends upon our efforts. Although founded upon utility, this morality is not for that reason selfish. For the individual self is substituted what Clifford has called the tribal self. Actions are not judged by the amount of pleasure which will accrue from them to the individual. The question which the individual must ask in reference to each action is: "How far is this act in conformity with the conditions and laws which Nature has imposed upon me? If it imply no antagonism

to these laws of my being, if it be an action which will render more organic the microcosm which I call myself, I may safely commit it and may rest assured that in so doing I am performing my part towards the onward progress of society." The insignificance of individual efforts in the work of social development is discouraging; but it renders his philanthropy more grand who rises above such considerations. Mr. Spencer has so happily illustrated this phase of the subject, that we quote the passage entire :

"Light, falling on a crystal, is capable of altering its molecular arrangements, but it can do this only by a repetition of impulses almost innumerable: before a unit of ponderable matter can have its rhythmical movements so increased by successive ethereal waves, as to be detached from its combination and arranged in another way, millions of such ethereal waves must successively make infinitesimal additions to its motion. Similarly, before there arise in human nature and human institutions, changes having that permanence which makes them an acquired inheritance for the human race, there must go innumerable recurrences of the thoughts, and feelings, and actions, conducive to such changes. The process cannot be abridged; and must be gone through with due patience. The man of higher type must be content with greatly moderated expectations, while he perseveres with undiminished efforts. He has to see how comparatively little can be done, and yet to find it worth while to do that little: so uniting philanthropic energy with philosophic calm."

While this system has philosophic grandeur and completeness, it does not lack practicality. This quality characterizes it as a modern growth. A century ago men were engaged in useless speculations, about dreary infinities of time and space, of which the human mind can know nothing, and from which our nature instinctively revolts. Men were not satisfied with the acceptance of truth as a practical guide of life, and as applicable to the ordinary facts of human experience. They asked far more. They insisted upon verities independent of all phenomena, ap-

plicable to all states of existence, absolute and immutable. The admission of the fact of the uniformity of nature was not enough. Emphasis was laid upon the necessity of this uniformity. Hence arose a great science of assertions; a science whose logic was: This principle is true, because it must be true; that principle is true, because we cannot think the opposite. Thus limited, human experience was made the measure, not only of the actual, but of the possible. But such a philosophy has proved ill adapted to the age of the steam engine and the electric telegraph. To questions as to the necessity of certain truths, modern philosophers are content to answer: "We don't know; such things are beyond the reach of our experience." Whether or not nature *must* be uniform has little bearing upon my conduct. But the *fact* of practical uniformity has an immense influence upon my daily life and morality. Here the evolutionist steps in with his testimony. He tells us that the universe—as far as we have experience of it—is a true cosmos; that race experience points to the undeviating uniformity of the laws of nature; that conformity to these laws involves the happiness of the individual and the elevation of the race, while disobedience is followed by misery and degradation. Upon these few facts of experience, without questionings as to the infinite and the unknowable, he builds up a system of morality—a system which connects the individual with the whole, which merges self—not in a dead aggregate—but in a living, growing organism. The whole creed is briefly, yet most beautifully, expressed in the few lines which follow, from the pen of a poetess of evolution:

"O, weary, unfed, waiter on sick hope!
Thou petty, peevish, palpitating self,
Whose code and creed turn on the accident
Of what account the seasons make to thee—
Cease hoping: breathe the morrows as they rise
And gauge thy life time-fashion; as an hour
Named with thy name and colored with thy deed,
But given the many-hearted human kind
To step a forward step in; nothing more."

Such is a brief outline of a philosophic system, which, of late, has obtained largely in Great Britain. Mr. Darwin was the first to give a scientific form to previous speculations on evolution, while the rigid application of evolutionary principles to sociology and ethics may be traced to Herbert Spencer and his school. The late Prof. Clifford was also a zealous apostle of these doctrines. The consideration of the whole subject starts one question of supreme importance to every thinking man. Is there enough truth and enough beauty in such a system to warrant us in cutting loose from the old moorings which have proved firm in so many storms, and committing ourselves to a current whose depth and strength we have not tried? A discussion of the truth of evolutionary theories is beyond the scope of our learning and of this essay. This much, however, may be safely said: that while each individual owes to himself a candid examination of the facts which science discloses, he also owes to himself freedom from the tyranny of any dominant idea. The development idea holds such a position in science and philosophy to-day, and we must use care lest it master us and intrude itself into regions where it does not belong. As to the comparative beauties of the Christian and the evolutionary creeds, there is little room for doubt. The grand system which appeals to "cosmic emotions," and encourages "organic actions," is at best a faith in blind force and impersonal law. Beings endowed with sympathetic human natures, long for fellowship with some Personality, whose attributes place him beyond the ebb and flow, the growth and decline, of the visible universe. Duties become less irksome when performed from love to a Friend. The law of a Father bears lightly upon his children. If the prayers which go up from humanity are to meet no answer save such as can be given by matter, force, and law, our weakness is turned to despair. Far more beautiful is the belief—

"That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened."

We may praise the broad philanthropy of this morality of evolution, its sublime conceptions, its grand self-abnegation, yet at the last we cannot but feel that, approaching near to success, it must prove a failure.

AMELIA SEDLEY.

"Poor little Amelia," such is the phrase the reader of "*Vanity Fair*" instinctively uses, as he finishes the history of that strange character. It is thus, indeed, the author himself sums up his estimate of her. Kind, artless, beautiful; sometimes as noble as a heroine, at others weak as a child; frequently smiling, though afterwards, nearly always yielding to "that natural infirmity of tears;" we are often perplexed as to whether she be a goddess, or one too foolish to comprehend, and too weak to bear up under the many sorrows of her life. From the time we first meet her, at school, horror-struck at Becky Sharp's bold defiance of Miss Pinkerton, we can see in almost every action, the result of a lack of self-pride, and a morbid desire to discharge mistaken duty to others. Thus, as a child, so soon as she returned home for a short holiday, she sat down immediately to write to twelve friends, fearful lest they might suppose she had ceased thinking of them for a moment. However noble the trait of unselfishness may be, when carried to such an excess as it sometimes was by Amelia, even this would amount to a fault. Forgiveness of every injury received, led her to overlook the many wrongs she had suffered at the hands of Becky Sharp; and, in after life, a few words from her brother caused her to again place herself in the hands of that deceitful woman. Because she could never willfully wrong any one, she thought it impossible for others to do the same in regard to herself; thus she was a ready object for all impositions.

The blind love she always cherished for Osborne, when he acted so faithlessly towards her, excites one's deepest sympathy.

And when his slights became so apparent that she could not help recognizing them, even then, she was ever ready to pardon him. His behavior was accounted for as being unintentional, and on some such foolish ground, would she try to comfort herself, desiring to get no nearer the truth. In this love, there was more than sentimentality. It began early in life, and, though he should prove unfaithful, it was her determination that the pledge of her love should never be broken. Thus with a steadfast belief that she was in the right, she lived on hoping, loving and praying.

It is seldom we meet with a character in which are combined so much of real strength, and yet so many frailties. She cannot be called interesting, in the sense in which we know Becky Sharp, and some people cannot understand what there is in so weak a person to be admired. When we think of her as a widow, parting with her only child, all that was really dear to her in the world, parting with him for his own good, that he might have advantages which she could not give, does this devotion spring from an insipid and weak character? When, later in life, we find her watching faithfully by the bedside of a dying father—a father who could rarely even speak kindly to her—performing with tender care, like a sunbeam amid the darkness gradually settling upon his weary life, all the kind offices of filial duty, is this one in whom there is nothing to admire? It is by such women as these, that men are helped onward in this world; it is to them, indeed, that the earth owes one of its greatest debts. We may well be grateful to Thackeray for thus vividly depicting so womanly a character, whose thoughts are fixed beyond herself.

One cannot but feel, that the strange manner in which Amelia treated Dobbin, was hardly in accord with her other actions. He was the only one with whom she often came in contact, who, for so long a time, failed to win a place in her affections. She liked him, to be sure, but only so far as she was compelled to like one who was so true a friend to her husband. His awkwardness, and the continual mimicking of his actions by Os-

borne, seemed to instill in her mind, when a child, a feeling of disdain towards him. Thus it was, that during nearly all her life, she could not compel herself to hold him in much esteem. In later years, though, she formed her judgment of others from an entirely different standpoint. After a long, unhappy experience with Becky Sharp; after seeing how unfaithful her husband had really been to her; after realizing that the "false face" often hides "what the false heart doth know;" then it was, that with a mature discernment, she could appreciate the noble spirit of that truly noble man.

Beside the dashing, brilliant character of Becky Sharp, it is easy for one to consider Amelia weak and insipid. Doubtless, many of her actions were extremely foolish; and those who admire her most cannot but get out of patience with her, as she so often gives way to childish impulses. But consider her alone, and we will find a beautiful example of an unselfish and noble-hearted woman. No one who came in contact with her, ever afterwards regretted the time spent in her company. Her kindly influence finally made even Becky Sharp to give way. She was never bold; nor would she ever immodestly thrust herself, like Becky, into the presence of any one. Indeed, her extreme shyness, and lack of force of character, but ill-became a true woman. Thus we leave her, in her weakness; not to be despised, but pitied: in her strength to be admired, and ever regarded as the personification of that noblest of virtues—unselfishness.

THE ENGLISH ODE.

The ode, like the sonnet, is not indigenous to English soil. It had its birth beneath the sunny skies of Greece, and there it throve and grew and attained its perfect beauty. The long line of early lyrists, Alcman, Sapho and the rest used the ode in its early stage, and from them Horace and other Latin poets drew their metres. But it was the lofty Pindar who perfected and

really made the ode. And his has long been the model on which the English ode has been constructed.

Strange to say the ode has not thriven on English soil, as has the sonnet. One of the divinest notes that ever swelled in its measure was Spenser's when the sonnet was in its infancy. But to-day we have an untold treasury of sonnets whose wealth none can estimate, while there are scarce a score of really fine odes. Like the sonnet, it has gone through a period of great confusion. The first odes derived their form from Latin sources, and consequently differed greatly from the perfect Pindaric ode. The struggle for existence was long and almost vain. But even in its death throes it was saved, Congreve by his first attempts at imitating the Greek odes of Pindar, giving it a new lease on life. Then it was that Gray wrote his two noble Pindaric odes. From the time of Gray the ode met with varying favor, till beneath the hands of the romantic school it burst the cold bands of Greek rules, and rose into a fuller, clearer harmony—a real English ode at last attained.

What the ode really is, has on account of all this variation, been, and still is, a question of warm dispute. By common consent two classes are recognized, the regular and the irregular. The regular may again be divided into the strictly Pindaric, and those which merely follow a fixed stanzaic arrangement. The irregular ode was the outgrowth of a mad desire to attain true Pindaric greatness by a generation who had far less appreciation of his contrapuntal sweep than even we have. They tried every conceivable means of attaining that end, till at last some radiant genius seized upon the bright idea of making the ode as different as possible from anything ever dreamed of before, of taking away all that *inevitableness* that constitutes the true indispensable of poetic form; thus making every line create a distinct disappointment to the reader, till disappointment grew to be the thing expected, and so the inevitableness was once more restored.

The bare mention of the ode suggests something grand, soul-stirring. The lofty sweep, the roll on roll, with answering note and echo blending all, fills full the soul of every one who has

quaffed these sweet waters. It is this which has made the ode so rare. None but the choicest spirits have won the needed favor of the muse. He whose song the sonnet is, or some simple note sung to the answering lyre finds his voice grow stronger day by day, each song wooing to another. But it is not so with the ode. Few men have succeeded in writing more than one really great ode. Dryden wrote one—the finest irregular ode in the language. “Alexander’s Feast” exhibits all the beauties of its author’s skill, his musical power, and most of all his wonderful appreciation of rhyme in all its delicate effects. His other odes are good, in many places very fine, but as a whole do not rise into the class of the favored few. Nevertheless the second stanza of the ode “For St. Cecilia’s Day” is so fine that we cannot forbear to quote it.

“What passion cannot music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.
What passion cannot music raise and quell?”

But Wordsworth must bear the palm for irregular odes, that on “Intimations of Immortality” ranking far above his other productions.

It is in the immortal lines of Gray that we find the noblest of Pindaric odes. He has followed the regular movement of strophe, antistrophe, and epode; but the attempt has been made, with good effect, since his time, to follow the antistrophe with another strophe, and then gather and blend all the notes in one final epode. This is the more satisfactory, because, while the Greek ode, accompanied by music, produced its full effect upon the ear, the English cannot clearly present the complex arrangement to the eye. We will not linger longer here than to quote from the last stanza of the “Progress of Poesy:”

"O lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Not the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Sheban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air;
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the muse's ray,
With orient hues unborrowed of the sun;
Yet shall he mount and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great."

It is in the second class that we find more of the fine regular odes. Beginning with that ode of Spenser's already mentioned, the *Epithalamium*, we pass on to Milton. His ode on the "Morning of Christ's Nativity," fine as it is, lacks true gracefulness of rise and fall, and is broken up into a series of wavelets that grow wearisome to the ear. This is the inevitable result of its metrical scheme. Witness the following lines:

"But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now had quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm set brooding on the charmed wave."

The best ode in the language is probably Coleridge's to "France." Nothing could surpass this, in music, diction and thought. It was the one great ode of its author raised above its fellows, by the same genius that achieved "*Cristabel*."

With the appearance of the Romantic school, the ode began to be freed from the vain adornings of the Greek dress, and to become thoroughly Anglicised. This has been completed by our living poets, Tennyson, Swinburne, and others, and we may expect a continued growth of this divine strain.

The lofty stateliness of the ode precludes its being a commonly

successful production; there is not enough of that native simplicity that forms a bond between all readers and writers. It is all art, and art that aims not at copying nature, but rising out of and beyond it. The result is that it has ever been a stone of stumbling. None but the men of high poetic gifts will meet with encouragement from this quarter; and how many of even these have degenerated into mere bombastic rhetoric, or have, in seeking to make their rhymes and verses correct, made but a senseless jargon! Or, on the other hand, how many have failed, falling short of the requisite dignity, either in simplicity, merely striking some "native wood note wild," or in unseemly levity.

The relation of the ode to poetry is similar to that of the massive achievements of Phidias in the sculptor's art—wonderful, but warning all but the greatest masters to keep aloof from attempting such feats. When we glance down the list of those who have immortalized their names in the ode, we are the more impressed with the fact that it is only the poet of great powers and greater art who succeeds. None but those who have achieved immortality have succeeded; and, even of these, scarce half a score.

"THE SCARLET LETTER."

Hawthorne has been characterized as a mystic and the ghost of New England. He was not in any sense a phantom or a spirit, but rather a ghostly and rarefied essence, scarcely to be found in human form, but discovered only in the vague and shadowy characters of ghost land. His writings are not strictly spiritual, but they are eminently spectral and weird, and he has not failed to impress his character vividly on all his works.

The creative imagination of Hawthorne differs from the imagination of Shakespeare. The New England mystic shows us a world as real as Shakespeare's, but tinted with an ideal light, so that a strange glamour is thrown upon all his plots, and a

unique idea is brought before the mind rather than the true picture itself. The events seen in the full daylight would seem common enough, but beheld in the shadowy light which he has styled the "moonlight of romance," they have a strange fascination. "Moonlight in a familiar room," he remarks, in his preface to the "Scarlet Letter," "falling so white upon the carpet, and showing all its figures so distinctly, making everybody so minutely visible, yet so unlike a morning or noontide visibility, is a medium the most suited for a romance writer to get acquainted with his illusive guests. Thus, therefore, the floor of our familiar room has become a neutral territory, somewhere between the real world and fairy-land, where the actual and the imaginary may meet, and each imbue itself with the nature of the other."

In none of his writings has he developed this strangeness of coloring more than in the "Scarlet Letter." It is essentially a trio of pictures of Hester Prynne, Arthur Dimmesdale, and Little Pearl; true, there is a fourth of the injured and vindictive husband, but his character is subordinated so as to bring out in full relief the characters of the others. The diverse effects of sin on intrinsically fine characters are shown in its different influences on the woman, who is openly branded with shame, and on the man, who, although his disgrace is concealed, has a double remorse in the growing burden of insincerity. Hawthorne was dealing with an extremely painful subject, but he treated it with the utmost delicacy, and he turned his attention rather to the morbid anatomy of the sin than to the sin itself. This is seen in the way he brings all his powers to bear upon the delineation of the principal characters in the story. Most noticeable is the false position of the clergyman, who gains ever increasing reverence and popularity, as the very fruit of the passionate anguish with which his inmost life was consumed. So, nearly crazed by those pangs of unacknowledged guilt, he knows how to stir the consciences of others. But the strong feeling of self-hate cannot overcome that of self-love, and as these two passions struggle in his nature, Arthur Dimmesdale is represented as having a quailing conscience forced into insane

cravings for blasphemy, and the most exquisite pain of a gratified ambition, conscious of disgraceful insincerity. The second point upon which Hawthorne concentrates his power, is the unnatural disposition of the child and its anomalous characteristics. Pearl has inherited a wild and elfish disposition, and though not devoid of love and strong affections, yet she appears to delight to probe the sorest part of her mother's heart, and she is induced to do this, partly by a mysterious fascination for the subject, and partly drawn on by wanton mischief. The emotions aroused in Hester's heart at the wanton conduct of Pearl, are painfully engraved on the reader's mind.

Yet, Hawthorne's power is best shown by the marvelous midnight scene, in which all the clashing sentiments appear. The unhappy minister, trying in vain to invent penances, steals out at the midnight hour, when all is hushed, in his canonical robe, to stand on the scaffold on which Hester Prynne had been pilloried years before. The brother and colleague with him in his ministerial labors passes beneath the scaffold, on his way from the death-bed of the revered governor, and Dimmesdale is paralyzed with terror, lest he should be found there by the members of his own flock, when the morning breaks. The following description is unique and grand. Hester and Pearl are also passing home from the same death-bed, and Dimmesdale calls them to the scaffold, and then the sudden meteoric flash reveals the guilty pair, and the child, as an evil spirit binding them together. And to crown it all, Roger Chillingworth is discovered by the minister, at no great distance, looking on, like the demon waiting for his prey. This weird midnight vigil, the grim and hysteric humor of the minister, the calm and silent fortitude of Hester, the mocking laughter of the child, as she detects her father's cowardice, and the evil eye of the injured husband, like a present Nemesis, makes as weird a tangle of human elements as ever seethed in witches' cauldron.

GOETHE'S INFLUENCE UPON OUR CENTURY.

As we look back over the past few centuries of European civilization, it seems possible to select one or two leading minds in each century which have given to the thought of their day a peculiar character and tone. We have heard, until we are tired of hearing it repeated, that Locke was the most influential thinker of the seventeenth century, and Kant of the eighteenth. Although we might be inclined to substitute the names of Bacon and Descartes for that of Locke, yet during these centuries it is certainly possible to find the impress of certain great minds upon all the thought of Europe. It is an interesting, and, at the same time, a perplexing question—is this true of the nineteenth century also? It may be that modern thought runs in too many diverse channels to be affected as a whole by any single mind. The speculations of the metaphysician upon the nature of matter and motion have little influence upon the physicist, who commences his scientific investigations by postulating both matter and motion. Yet, in spite of such facts, it seems probable that future generations, as they read the history of our century, and ask what place it has filled in the general history of civilization, will find that in this century men have lived whose thought has influenced that of the whole civilized world. Whether Goethe will be mentioned among these or not, is a question which can as yet hardly be settled. He originated no new philosophic creed which has gained acceptance; his researches in science were insignificant, and yet we find his great work holding among thinking men almost the position which Homer's *Epics* held among the Greeks. We believe that Goethe is an example of a mind which has been moulded by its age, rather than of a mind which has stamped its age with its own impress. The nineteenth century reads itself in "*Faust*," and loves the poem for that reason. Mr. Ruskin has said that the author who is calculated to improve us is the author whose thoughts strike us as new and strange,

not he with whose ideas we can at once sympathize. This may be true, and yet it is a fact that the poetry which pleases us most is that in which we find our own vague and indefinite ideas—ideas of which we have scarce been conscious—brought out clearly, and expressed with definiteness and beauty. Such a poem has the charm of novelty, combined with the love which is born of familiarity. The thought is our own, yet not our own, for it has undergone the transformation which nothing but the poetic genius can accomplish. When, therefore, we say that Goethe was the exponent of the thoughts and feelings prevalent in the earlier part of our century, we do not deny that the reflex influence which he exerted upon modern thought was very great. Many would claim for him a most potent and direct influence. "He inspired Carlyle," say they, "and Carlyle has been a leader among us." On the other hand we may quote the opinion of a distinguished living writer, who says :

"The idea was fondly cherished by some, that certain men of literary genius, who had caught more or less of the spirit of the German metaphysics, such as Coleridge, and Goethe, and Carlyle, must have something new and profound to satisfy the soul in its deeper cravings, could they only be induced to utter it. * * * It has long been clear, in regard to Goethe, and is now being seen in regard to Carlyle, that neither of them ever had anything positive to furnish in religion, and that all they had to utter was blankly negative ; and I rather think that the last hope of drawing anything soul-satisfying from these quarters has vanished from the minds of those who have been most impressed with their genius."

We believe that the view of Goethe's influence which has been advanced, might be substantiated by an analysis of the whole of "Faust." This, however, is beyond the scope of this essay. Yet the most pregnant passage in the poem is, in our opinion, the opening scene. Here we find indications of what is to follow, and from this scene the rest of the drama seems to grow. We lose the thread of connection in the tedious allegory of the Second Part, but we recover it again at the close, and in the last

lines of the Chorus Mysticus we find the answer to the burning questions which are started in this first scene. It is, therefore, to this portion of the poem that we turn for confirmation of our views.

The time is night; the scene is a high-arched Gothic chamber. Faust sits restless at his desk, while through the window the moon shines in upon him. We cannot but remark in passing, although it hardly falls within our subject, upon the appropriateness of this scene to the soliloquy which is to follow. There is an air of solemnity and mediæval mysticism about these Gothic chambers, with their groined roofs, their arched windows and their stone floors, re-echoing like a tomb to every tread. They seem to be naturally associated with magic spells and incantations. Marlowe has very artistically placed the scene of Faust's conjuring in a dense wood, but with Goethe, the scrolls and papers, the phials and skull, the lathe and cylinder, all the cumbrous furniture of a mediæval study, are made the hooks upon which Faust's soliloquy is hung. Turning from the study to the student, we see a man who has mastered the learning of the world, who has "sounded all the depths of every science," who, untrammelled by "scruples or the perplexity of doubt," has outstripped all the triflers of the schools. And what, in his mind, is the conclusion of the whole matter?

"Whate'er I knew, or thought I knew,
Seems now unmeaning or untrue."

The soliloquy which follows shows all the pathos of a pessimism which is genuine. Faust has reached the limits of human knowledge, and his eyes are opened to the narrowness of the bounds within which his ambitious spirit must confine itself. The insatiate thirst for truth is upon him. He longs for a deep glance into the mysteries of Nature and of Being, but his longing is answered only by "words, mere words repeated over." In despair at the hopelessness of his search, he at last cries out:

"Shall I find here the cure I ask,
Resume the edifying task

Of reading in a thousand pages
That care-worn man has in all ages
Sowed vanity to reap despair?
That one, mayhap, has here and there
Been less unhappy?"

This is not the voice of a misguided railer against his kind, of one who looks with unsympathizing eye upon the follies and crimes of men, and sees in annihilation the only escape from evil. Nor is Faust one of those who, having plunged into every form of vice and debauchery, having lost their own purity and peace of mind, are ready to blacken all that is noble and virtuous with the foulness of their own nature. His despair has a different source. He sought diligently after Wisdom, and found her not, and with the fruitless search have vanished all thoughts which he had fondly entertained of blessing the race by his efforts. It is this feeling of restraint upon intellectual effort and activity, this longing for deeper and truer knowledge, which has brought Faust to the condition in which we find him. He is no misanthrope. His grief is that

"The fancy, too, has died away;
The hope that I might, in my day,
Instruct and elevate mankind."

Can we not see in such writing as this, the reflection of a spirit very prevalent in our century—perhaps more prevalent in Goethe's day than in our own? Goethe did not create this spirit, but he has reproduced it very perfectly. Compare the opening of Goethe's work with that of Marlowe's "*Dr. Faustus*," written nearly three hundred years before. The dramatist of the sixteenth century has pictured Faust as turning to magic, not with the hope that he may breathe "deep truths, to others unrevealed," but in expectation of finding an agency which will enable him to gratify his ambition and his lust. The two poems are as widely separated in spirit as the centuries in which they were written; the earlier results in the sense of power, the later is despairing in the consciousness of weakness. We doubt whether

Goethe's work could have been produced in the sixteenth century. Then Europe was awakening from her mediæval sleep, and the future seemed rich in glorious possibilities. Now that future has become the present, and, amid all the triumphs of our civilization, many an unsatisfied thinker is ready to exclaim—

"I am not like the gods. No! no! I tremble,
Feeling impressed upon my mind the thought
Of the mean worm whose nature I resemble.
'Tis dust, and lives in dust, and the chance tread
Crushes the wretched reptile into nought."

Of the means by which Goethe lifts Faust out of his despair, we shall not speak. They may have satisfied the poet and the artist, but they will not avail for mortals of common clay. To us the power of "Faust" lies rather in such passages as that which we have criticised. We believe that, in virtue of such passages, his name will go down to posterity, and that he will be remembered, not as an author who moulded the thought of our century, but as an author in whom the thought of our century found its most perfect expression.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE PROGRESS PARTY IN GERMANY.

The supporters of progress in Germany have, for many years, been forced to endure and withstand the power and diplomacy of Bismark. Baffled, deceived, disappointed, they have never been cast down. They have had a hard battle to fight, both against tyranny, on the one hand, and the passions of the people on the other.

It is always asserted, in defence of Bismark's imperial policy, that he has made Germany the nation she is; that he has gathered her weak, scattered states into a great, strong empire; that

he has raised her from a second-class power to a prominent rank among the first. Doubtless this is very true; but the progress party, acknowledging all this, asserts that the same thing could have been as well accomplished by other and better means than "blood and iron." The advance has been one-sided. The progress party now sets before itself the task of gaining for the people what Bismark has so successfully defended for the crown alone. And in every instance of conflict, the people have slowly but surely gained. To-day, after the lull of the loyal spirit aroused by the French war, the demand for political freedom manifests itself with renewed vigor—not in a demonstrative, violent manner, but with that grim determination of the Teuton character. It cannot be cajoled into submission by false concessions, nor averted by that old trick of arousing the German patriotism. Germany to-day is wearied and sick of the army and military government. Patriotism there is, of the most fervid kind—not for the Emperor's sake, but for the people's Germany. The country of Guttenberg and Luther, Copernicus and Kepler, Leibnitz and Kant, the country of such combined scholars and statesmen as Virchow and Von Sybel, Treitscheke, Mommsen and Gneist, cannot long remain in the political state of Germany to-day. The country of the best general and special education of the world cannot long remain behind while the world advances. In such a position, with the mind of Germany constantly growing farther removed from absolutism, the change cannot be far delayed. Indeed, recent events seem to be portents of a rapidly-approaching issue.

The later course of popular government has been in some respects similar to that in England. The English throne is at present but little more than a figure-head; the House of Commons is the centre of authority, not the Queen; the people rule. This has been attained more by the power of an enlightened popular demand, than by violent means. The turning point was reached when the Commons were finally recognized as the controlling power. It had been supposed that this stage had also been reached and safely passed in Germany. But the people

have been recently awakened to find themselves again deceived. The Emperor still maintains as strenuously as before his divine right of absolute power, and expresses it with no uncertain sound.

The decisive struggle is yet to come, and seems fast approaching. This will be the critical point in the contest. Imperialism must soon meet face to face with freedom. The party of liberty does not, if we have rightly interpreted its history, will not flinch. It moves with that same almost calm, determined *mein*. Imperialism hurls to-day its defiant manifesto in the face of the leaders of progress, and the battle is renewed with fresh vigor. The historian and statesman, Mommsen, is arrested for an insult to the crown. He has an example to set. He meets the tyrant, not with the howls and curses and defiance of a Parisian mob, but with an unwavering faith in the ultimate triumph of right and reason and the lessons of history.

We are to-day presented with a characteristic picture of the nineteenth century, the leader of German imperialism in conflict with the leaders of German thought—two types of kings; the one by birth and arms, the others by a voluntary homage of the human mind. These latter are teaching their country the great lesson, that not by popular tempest nor shout of communistic revolution, but by the still, small voice of penetrating truth, Germany is to be freed.

In all progressive movements there has been a radical, revolutionary, and a conservative, rational party. In France the former has too often been the leader. Germany is fortunate in having its struggle for liberty guided in the better course. The spirit which animated the French Revolution, and that which moves for liberty in Germany to-day, can perhaps be most fitly distinguished by the characters of Voltaire and Mommsen. The crisis of 1848 was the point of separation of the two elements in Germany. The popular leaders had followed too closely the impulse of the French Revolution; the true and better progressionists became disgusted at the strong socialistic tendency which threatened, not only to defeat the attempt to regain that unity which Germany had lost since the Middle Ages, but to bring in its place chaos, and overturn the very basis of every civilized

community. Hence, after the clearing away, by a hard-bought experience, of much of the theoretical mist with which the idea of German liberty had been surrounded, the formation of the more rational and practical plan of a confederation, which was defeated, most opportunely for imperialism, by Bismark's diplomacy. Herein lies the well-founded and only hope of final success for the progress party, in that it has cut loose and condemned those ruinous elements which can but bring defeat to the movement. It is too mindful of Germany's honorable past and possible future to allow such a betrayal of trust. It is no disordered, fanatical throng. Her universities are its centres; her scholars are its leaders.

The principles on which the progress party stands are not wild and chimerical, neither are they the breathings of personal hate or greedy ambition for power. They are the results of a profound study of history, and a true appreciation of the pressing needs of the Germany of to-day; they aim at a movement in harmony with the advance of civilization—yet withal guarded and guided by a true spirit of wisdom and rational moderation.

There have been three stages in the development of the progress party. First, its origin and growth in the violent outbreaks previous to and culminating in 1848. Second, the separation from those communistic, destructive elements which had threatened to throw it into disgrace. Third, the formation into an organized movement, with legitimate and lofty aims, under its present leadership.

Whatever may have been its origin and former associations, the true guiding spirit of the party defends its present attitude and methods on righteous principles. It is wisely pursuing such a course as can gather around it only the sympathy of the enlightened world. Through difficulties, dangers, corruptions, it has come forth at last unchallenged by any in its motives. It is now fully fitted to meet the long-deferred crisis, with just hopes in a true cause. From henceforth the struggle for liberty in Germany is between true progress and false conservatism, a conflict between might and right. The issue can not long remain in doubt.

TENNYSON'S PRINCESS.

A competent critic has said of Tennyson "What first attracted people were Tennyson's portraits of women." *Godiva* with her heroism, the *Maid of Astolat* with her unrequited love, the *May Queen*, joyous, then pensive, "*Airy, fairy Lilian*:"—these and many others form a gallery of portraits too rich for sale, they are "keepsake characters, from the hand of a lover and an artist." Tennyson is pre-eminently the woman's poet. While his outbursts of passion are so wild and terrible—witness "*Locksley Hall*" and the first part of "*Maud*"—his way is in general calm and equable, his verses full of equipoise, peace, and joy.

Tennyson's women are not the abstractions of an idealistic dreamer; they think, feel, love; they are not perfect—they sin, and yet their very errors are so purely womanly we almost love them.

"*The Princess*" stands by itself among Tennyson's poetry as pre-eminently the woman's poem. It has neither the depth of the "*Idylls of the King*" nor the vehemence of "*Locksley Hall*;" neither the pathos of the "*May Queen*," the elaborate structure of "*Maud*," nor the solemn measure and sadness of "*In Memoriam*." Happy in its introduction—joyful summer, a festival on the lawn, gay badinage—then the story, one of woman's mistake, woman's jealousy, woman's love, exquisite little snatches of song interspersed here and there, and then the conclusion, bringing us back from our land of dreams that seemed so real, but yet with gentle hand that gives no shock; all this makes it most enjoyable, the most sprightly of our author's works, as it is also most nearly his own. For many of his other stories he is indebted to one and another of his predecessors. The *Arthurian Legends* he has recast, perhaps not always in a better form, but "*The Princess*" is Tennyson's own. Its characters are unique, the verse peculiarly smooth and melodious, while only in the "*The Brook*" are the songs he has interwoven, surpassed.

The heroine of the tale, the Princess Ida, presents a not unnatural character. Entirely persuaded in her girlhood by her companions, Lady Blanche and Lady Psyche, she becomes absorbed in the purpose of elevating woman, deeming the present condition of woman unworthy of her. Amusing, yet one of the best touches in the picture, because so subtle, is the indirect portrayal of Ida's youthful enthusiasm and impetuosity, by means of its effects. Listen to King Gama's lugubrious tale of the condition of the court, through the constant discussion of this theme :

"They harped on this, with this our banquets rang ;
Our dances broke and buzzed in knots of talk ;
Nothing but this ; my very ears were hot
To hear them."

Once in her position as head of the university, she appears stern and inflexible. Thought of all else but woman's elevation is lost. This is to her the end of life. She cannot, with patience, bear to be reminded of the Prince, her betrothed ; she has "purposed not to wed." Not a hard task, indeed, since love has left her "fancy-free." The prince is a mere name to her—she almost scorns him. And yet, with all her sternness, she is an agreeable companion, talking freely, frankly about herself, yet ever revealing her infatuation with what she thinks her aim in life ; though, when she says—

"No doubt, we seem a kind of monster to you,"

she seems herself to doubt whether her endeavor is not a mistake. But when the trick of the Prince is discovered, and the magnificence of her wrath flashes out, we can but admire. What a tempest of indignation arises when she finds herself the dupe of such an artifice, and yet unable to inflict the punishment ; Her scorn is regal, her disdain queenly.

After the battle, we first catch sight of the woman in her,

warming in sorrow for her brother, and then melting in pity at sight of the father, haggard and bedrabbled with his son's blood, and that son, her lover, all but dead; and that through love of her. Then the struggle, as she gradually gives up her one sole aim, as she deigns to own that even she was wrong, she, too, needs forgiveness. Thenceforth she is no more sternness, but pity itself, and soon that pity, once waked, leads to love.

"And all

Her falser self slip't from her like a robe,
And left her woman, lovelier in her mood."

This is the character of the Princess. A girl, misguided, stern only because she thought she must be so, devoted, passionate, and yet, withal, one who only waited the time to show herself a noble woman.

Of the other characters of the tale, Lady Blanche presents us a perfect picture of the jealous woman, and Lady Psyche is the object of her jealousy. Biding well her time, she strikes the blow, and when she strikes she spares none. She turns upon the Princess with ill-judged words of censure, because she has yielded to pity. If any one of Tennyson's characters embodies an abstract idea, then Lady Blanche is jealousy itself.

Melissa is a pretty picture of an artless, tender girl, easily touched with pity, one to be "easy wooed and easy won."

The Prince is the weakest character in the monodrama. Examining the other male creations of Tennyson, we generally find them strong, sturdy, lusty men, who awake in us admiration for their deeds or their noble qualities. Sir Galahad, the sturdy Geraint, Enoch Arden, princely Arthur we all admire, but the Prince is truly a weakling. His wandering mind, his unsuccessful attempt at escape, his defeat in battle, even his tears, that

"All for languor and self-pity ran,"

inspire either pity or contempt, and we cannot help feeling that he is no mate for the superb Ida, and we almost regret the issue

of the story. The other characters are unimportant, merely serving as foils to show in relief the principal personages.

This sketch would be incomplete without a word, in conclusion, upon one marked feature of the poem—the beautiful songs scattered through the story. If there is any one thing in which our author excels it is in the exquisite melody and sometimes tenderest pathos of his ditties, and here he has surpassed himself.

VOICES.

“THE Charge of the Gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade,” has just been given to the world as a companion piece to the “Charge of the Light Brigade.” The Laureate proves by this effort that he has lost nothing of the lyrical powers of his early years. Much has been said in the endeavor to prove that his powers are sinking into decay, but with little success. The volume of poems published a short time ago, “Despair,” which appeared last autumn, and this last poem, are worthy of the vigor of youth. As a stirring battle piece, this is little inferior to its companion; as a work of art it is superior. Mr. Tennyson is the only English poet, except Coleridge, who has achieved any real success in irregular metres. “Kubla Khan” was the first proof that the grand sweep of emotion was superior to the artificial rules of stanzaic arrangement. In it the thought held to the true essence of poetic form, and never violated the inevitableness of rise and fall and return, though it was bound by no law of feet or verse. Mr. Tennyson’s “Lotus Eaters” gave him a place next to Coleridge, and here we have another instance of his power. The irregularity of metre becomes superbly regular as it follows the course of the poem. Every movement in the noble band finds its echo in the measure of the verse. How

clearly the picture of the discomfiture of the Russians receives its closing touch as he tells how the heroic brigade

"Ranged like a storm, or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day :
Till suddenly, shock upon shock,
Staggered the mass from without ;
For our men galloped up with a cheer and a shout,
And the Russians surged, and wavered, and reeled
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field
Over the brow and away."

WE have, through the munificence of Prof. Libbey, athletic grounds which are inferior to those of few other Colleges in the country. There is, however, one drawback connected with them, and that is the entrance. To say the least, neither of the ways of getting at the grounds is at all a pleasant one, and no one likes to take friends through the alley-ways which lead to the gate.

Now, since the grounds are in every other way unexceptionable, cannot some means be devised to better the approach? If this can be done in no other way, cannot the Directors ascertain what will be the cost of widening the alley, provided such a measure be feasible, and, with the consent of the town authorities, lay down a walk from the main street to the gate, raising the necessary funds by subscription? It is needless to say that nearly every man in College would contribute to such a desirable object.

We hope, however, that if the subject be brought before the town council, pride in Princeton's outward appearance will prompt a speedy improvement, for probably no spot in the town is more visited by strangers who come here to view our athletic games, and none is more distinctly impressed upon their memories, from its wretched surroundings and its contrast to the main street and well-kept College grounds, than that same miserable alley-

way. It is a disgrace to the place. If nothing better can be devised to keep out offensive sights, a high board fence would be a vast improvement.

THE Greek Letter Societies are again attracting attention. How to carry on the warfare against them, and how far there is any need of fearing their encroachments, are beginning to be most important considerations for the Halls, since experience has shown that both kinds of societies cannot flourish together. So long as the public sentiment of College supports the safeguards which the Faculty and Trustees have wisely placed around the Halls, the "chapters" can consist of only unprincipled men, and we need have but slight alarm. At present, however, such a sentiment is not very strong, and, consequently, other means of protection must be sought.

We all know well how futile would be an open war with such clandestine organizations, for it is well-nigh impossible to get proof of their existence; hence the Halls should be wise enough to suit their tactics to the occasion. The chief reason for the popularity and success of Greek Letter Societies lies in the great value they put upon their relations of brotherhood, and the care with which they cherish and exercise this feeling. It is their very life, and, we may add, their one redeeming feature. Now it is only reasonable to suppose that, if we would cope with our foes, we should stand on equal vantage ground. Just here is our failure. Without doubt this fraternal feeling is not so much as it should be a living, working principle among the members of the Halls, pervading their thoughts, prompting their actions, and regulating their conduct to one another. Seniors and Juniors have often no acquaintance with a large part of the under-classmen, and it is of the commonest occurrence to see members of the same Society pass each other daily without a sign of recognition. Of course, while Hall membership is so large, it is impossible to be on intimate terms with every Whig

or Clio, and, naturally, one must take more interest in his classmates, but there is no reason why a man should not have a speaking acquaintance with every member of his own Society. This should be taken into thoughtful consideration by both Societies, for on it depend their future safety and welfare, as well as their present progress and success. We may even safely add that the stronger Hall will be the one which cherishes the more carefully this feeling of brotherhood.

ARE we never to have restored to us our old playground back of Witherspoon? Opportunities for plenty of out-of-door exercise are as needful as good facilities for intellectual culture, and the excavations for Edwards Hall, and the road-bed to the new chapel, have resulted in the filling up of the best ball-ground on the campus. We needed all the places we had for exercise, not only to develop material for our teams and nines, but to allow others to participate in games which now, on account of the scarcity of room, they must be content to watch. Now we would not say a word against College improvements, and perhaps the place under consideration is soon to develop into a higher state of perfection; but, at present, it is not making any vast strides in that direction. No one need be told that, in its existing condition, that strip of land has lost in beauty as well as usefulness. If we must be deprived of our ball-field, may we not at least have the consolation of knowing that it is to become something better than a perpetual eyesore?

IN one branch of our course there is room and opportunity for a satisfactory and profitable addition. We have Greek Philosophy to satiety, Socrates is before us until we weary of his name, tragedy is meted out to us until the agony is unbearable, and Homer becomes extremely flat before we leave him; but of the lyric poets and comedy we see very little, many of us abso

lutely nothing. Cannot one of our Greek Professors take up some of the comic or lyric poets, lecturing occasionally, if he so chooses, on any topic he thinks profitable, and connected with the subject? We have no doubt that this variety would prove the spice of that department, and, as an elective, would be extremely popular. If any proof is needed, we would point to the success of the present arrangement in the Latin department, where the comedies of Terence and Plautus add so much to the enjoyment of the course.

WE are on the eve of entering our new chapel. It is not therefore, an unfitting time for the consideration of a subject which has, we hear, long been weighing in the minds of the Faculty and Alumni of this institution. It is the advisability of having a College church organization. There is much to be said on either side of the question. We throw out this suggestion more as a fertile subject for thought, than with any intention of giving it a full discussion. The danger is that we are tempted to condemn the plan at the outset, as not striking us at all favorably. Such an organization certainly should not be denominational. That would be a virtual bar to many, and hinder rather than advance the ends for which the Church was formed; and if the relations of the College would necessitate any such basis, we should heartily discourage the idea. But we see no good reason why it should not be thoroughly undenominational, and as such a vast help to the religious and moral interests of the College. We need the centralized power that a church alone can supply. No matter how much interested we may be in the church organizations in town, we must always, though joining ourselves with them, feel more or less like strangers. We feel never at home as we do in our own chapel. How can it be otherwise? We and they are shut up all the week in two entirely different spheres of interest and action, which ever tend more towards separation than contact. There are few mutual sympa-

ties between us, and we feel that neither do we greatly strengthen them, nor they in turn aid us. Power for good is thus wasted, diffused, scattered. Men fall in better with something they can call their own, and in this way, by giving a nucleus around which all these influences might cluster, would not a church organization be a vast help towards securing better discipline, more reverent and becoming conduct during chapel exercises, and a higher moral tone throughout the institution?

EDITORIALS.

THE present number finishes the thirty-seventh volume of the *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE*. The editorial board from '82 has completed its labors, and the seals of office are handed over to '83. The administration of the outgoing board has been characterized by no radical changes in any department. The Magazine came under their management after a most successful year. Its tone and literary excellence was never higher than when in the hands of the class of '81. Under such circumstances, the editors from '82 considered that it would be a task of sufficient difficulty to maintain the high character of the *LIT.* unchanged. How far they have succeeded in so doing, the College public must judge. All the traditions which have been handed down from former boards have been observed, and have been found beneficial. They feel confident that the incoming board will find it difficult to devise a better set of rules by which to regulate their editorial labors. If a change is to be made anywhere, it may probably be made with most advantage in the arrangement of the prize essays. One principle which has guided the board during the past year, and which they earnestly recommend to their successors, is that the *LIT.* should never be allowed to degenerate into an athletic journal.

An occasional athletic article or editorial may be timely and of interest to the College. But athletics are not the sphere of the LIT. Furthermore, it is believed that the peace policy, in dealing with the exchanges, is far more advantageous and pleasant than one of war. In laying down their office, the outgoing board cannot but express the satisfaction and profit which they have derived from the discharge of their editorial duties. Their connection with the LIT. will be remembered as one of the most pleasant experiences of their College course. With most earnest wishes for the success of the magazine in the future, and hearty thanks for patronage in the past, they step aside and make way for their successors.

Is it finally and irrevocably decided that '82 is to be the first class to break in upon an old and honorable precedent? The custom which has so long prevailed among the classes of leaving some memorial with the College has proved a good one; it has shown a filial affection towards their Alma Mater, and has contributed not a little towards the beauty of the College grounds and the efficiency of some of the departments. The lions of '79 and the gladiator of '80, together with the books and philosophical instruments which have been presented by former classes, are memorials most creditable to the classes from whose hands they came. Would it not be equally creditable to '82 to continue this custom? The present Senior Class has been placed in a somewhat peculiar position, anxious on the one hand to give some gift to the College, but on the other hand unable to find any suitable expression of their good will. We have no definite suggestion to make which will solve the question. We would urge, however, that the matter be not regarded as definitely settled, that the Memorial Committee be authorized or even instructed to keep their eyes and ears open and their wits at work, so that if, even at a late day, some suitable gift should be found, the class may avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered of leaving some memorial of themselves with the College.

WHEN Arthur Hugh Clough said almost thirty years ago of Harvard "They learn French, and history, and German, and a great many more things than in England, *but only imperfectly*," he was not so wrong as most of us would like to believe. Nor is the remark true of Harvard alone; we might rather say, if true of Harvard, much more of many other Colleges. Our catalogues are full of "ologies" and "ometries," to each of which is devoted at least thirty-five hours during the course, and at the end of that time the student ought to have learned enough about the subject, if he has not, so it is dropped to make room for something else with which he is not so profoundly acquainted. In this manner four years are quite long enough for the exploration of almost all the fields of science. Thirty-five hours are ample allowance for an intelligent reading of "Minna von Barnhelm," "Hermann und Dorothea," "Faust" and "Jungfrau von Orleans," and a comprehensive study of German history and literature. More time than this would be wasted upon the study of Ancient and Modern Civilization with especial reference to the history of England and America: the same is true of Biology and other sciences. We say this because driven to that belief, since the superior wisdom of the higher powers has made such allotments of time to these studies.

Now what is the result of it all; does any one pretend to claim that the culture of the average American College graduate surpasses that of those who have passed through English universities? Were the truth told, some of us might well be ashamed to hear it. We probably do *learn* more things than our transatlantic brothers, but we must finish Clough's sentence and admit the imperfection also. That the latter is the result of the former seems pretty certain. For ourselves we must confess to preferring substantial knowledge of a few subjects.

THERE seems to be a widely-disseminated feeling that the general tone of the College during the year which is now drawing to its close has been remarkably low. There has been more

than one typical "Princeton outbreak;" we have managed to figure rather conspicuously in the columns of hostile journals, and the attendance and order at College exercises have not been all that might have been expected. This degeneracy has been noticed both by Faculty and students, and each party is anxious to throw the whole responsibility for its existence upon the shoulders of the other. In the eyes of the Faculty, the Senior class is largely responsible for anything which may go amiss in the College, and we believe that this view is just. The conduct of the present Senior class during the year has certainly not been such as is reasonably expected from those who have enjoyed three years of liberal education. The manner in which its members deport themselves in certain lecture-rooms is neither to their own credit, to that of their class, nor to that of the institution. It is hardly possible to express too strong disapprobation of some of the proceedings which we daily witness. We are ready to acknowledge that the Seniors display a lack of that fine sense of honor and delicate consideration which shrinks from doing unnecessary violence to the feelings of others. What we know to be true of the Seniors, rumor asserts of the Juniors. The class whose conduct has obliged one of our Senior Professors to meet it in divisions can hardly claim to be free from all responsibility for the low tone of which complaint is made. Yet we cannot believe that the whole responsibility rests upon the undergraduate members of the College. The relation which exists between teachers and taught is not such as to promote a free and healthful spirit. The strict surveillance under which students are kept, the custom of visiting petty offences with heavy punishment, while real misdemeanors and gross deficiencies are no more severely treated, the spirit which attempts to smooth the difficulties from the paths of the sons of influential fathers—all these things are sources of a demoralizing influence for which the students are not to blame. We speak thus plainly, not from any bitterness, but in the hope that the evils which exist may be remedied.

OF all the changes in our grading system advocated from time to time, none seems more likely to be advantageous than the apparently radical one of abolishing rank, or at least assigning none until the end of the course. Four years' experience is more than enough to show, on the one hand, the insufficiency of 'high stand' alone as a measure of ability, and on the other the positive injury suffered by many in attaining high rank early in their College course. The latter of these statements alone needs any proof, as all sensible men admit the truth of the former.

The injury springs from the fact that few who have once obtained advanced position in their class are willing thereafter to give up this supposed advantage. Indeed, inconsistent as it may be, their classmates usually consider yielding a sign of weakness. Yet, without doubt, many a man would gain far more from his College course, were he content to disregard rank, and pursue his studies for their own sake; for the highest honors in any class can be obtained only by close attention to the routine work of the curriculum, at the expense of collateral reading. Since grade depends primarily upon ability to remember until after examinations that which has been carefully crammed for the occasion, and not upon thorough knowledge of the subjects treated, the books of reference constantly mentioned by Professors must remain sealed to most men aspiring to lead their class.

From this point of view rank is an evident evil, acting as a spur to obtaining that which prevents the acquisition of something far better. However essential grading of some kind may be, the public announcement of rank is entirely unnecessary. The practice has been abolished elsewhere with good results, and there is no reason why we too should not try the new plan.

THE experience of the past year has given another proof of '79's wisdom in inaugurating the system of electing *LIT.* editors on the basis of contributions. A glance at the Table of Contents of this volume will show that the Junior Class is better represented than ever before. Of course this means a great in-

crease in contributions from that class, since in general we may lay down the rule that at least three articles are rejected where one is accepted. If the system continues in force under future Boards—as we sincerely hope it will—there can be no doubt but that a material improvement will be observed in the *LIT.* There are, doubtless, a large number of men in college who can write a fair style, but there are few apparently who have the knack—for it is nothing else—of writing on subjects that will interest others. It is just here that so many fail, and the failure can only be remedied by constant practice in writing. The present system of election gives this requisite practice, and in this particular alone is of immense value. Men who will learn in no other way are soon compelled by having article after article rejected to make a radical change.

But this alone cannot accomplish all that is necessary. Outside of the training to be gained by disappointment, it is evident that an effort must be made to cultivate a more graceful style. In this respect *Voices* are usually woefully lacking. Many of our readers would be surprised could they see some of the effusions that have been handed us during the year for publication. For the last time we wish to sound a warning to all ever hoping for *LIT.* editorships. Write chatty articles in as light a vein as you can. If there is need of anything heavier to preserve the dignity of the magazine, there are eight editors who can supply it. The conclusion of the whole matter is, give us less erudition.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

MARCH 3D—Convention of the Inter-collegiate Base-ball Association at Springfield, Mass. O. Rafferty, '82, and W. P. Toler, '82, represented Princeton.

MARCH 4TH—Run of the Hare and Hounds Club; distance about nine miles; winner, Leute, '84.

MARCH 6TH—Mass Meeting to transact lacrosse business. Riggs, '83, and Gilmore, '83, elected delegates to the Convention at N. Y. A uniform was adopted—black jerseys with orange lettering, white breeches, and orange and black stockings.

MARCH 7TH—Meeting of the Foot-ball Team to elect a Captain for next year; E. C. Peace, '83, was chosen by acclamation.

MARCH 9TH—Publication of the first number of *The Princeton Tiger*..... Last Recital in the Course by Locke Richardson; subject, "Macbeth."

MARCH 11TH—Meeting of the Inter-collegiate Lacrosse Association, in New York. Mr. Gilmore, of Princeton, was elected President for the season of '82.

MARCH 15TH—Lecture in Examination Hall by Prof. Kargé, on his experiences in the Polish and German Revolutions.....Concert by the Instrumental Club at Bordentown, N. J.....Junior Final Examination in Logic.

MARCH 16TH—Library Meeting at Dr. McCosh's residence. Paper read by Prof. Alexander, '75, Prof. of Mental Science in Columbia, on "Cause and Effect."

MARCH 18TH—Concert by the Glee and Instrumental Clubs, in the Gymnasium, for the benefit of the Base-ball Association.....Fourth Run of the Hare and Hounds Club; distance ten miles; winner, H. Baldwin, '84; 2d, Prentice, '84.

MARCH 23D—Election of *Princetonian* Editors, from '83.

MARCH 24TH—Concert of the Glee Club, in New York.

MARCH 25TH—Fifth Run of the Hare and Hounds Clubs; distance, seven miles; winner, Leute, '84; 2d, Chapin, '82.

MARCH 29TH—Election of LIT. Editors, from '83.

'79, Martin and McNair are intending to go to Syria, as missionaries.

THE College is indebted to Prof. Osborn for the enjoyable course of Recitals by Locke Richardson.

OVER thirty Seniors have exceeded the allowed number of absences.

THE following edict has been issued: Any senior who fails, at the final examination, in two departments, may, after a satisfactory re-examination, be recommended for his diploma sometime during the following year. It is also hinted from head-quarters that several men are in danger of losing that for which they have been laboring(?) four years.

EX-PRESIDENT John MacLean celebrated his eighty-second birth-day March 3d.

CLIO Hall Freshman Essay Contest; first prize, Duncan Edwards; second, R. H. Appleby.

WHIG Hall Competitive Debate; prizeman, E. D. Warfield, '82.

Who was that Senior who so kindly volunteered information to the *Tribune* reporter, but didn't want his name known?

HE was only drawing a picture of a tiger on the blackboard!

THE members of the Sixth Chapel Stage Division have lost their chance for the Baird Prizes.

THE following may be interesting, and, perhaps, profitable, to some "culturally" inclined collegians: The latest editions of both Webster and Worcester inform us that, as to the word *either*, "both analogy and the best usage are decidedly in favor of the pronunciation, e-ther."

WANTED—A Senior without a set of printed notes in Hist. Philos., who expects to receive above 90.

OBITUARY notice from a Missouri paper—"Died, at the age of 104 years, T—— M——. He outlived all his sons, and chewed tobacco for 40 years."

Spring, spring,
Is a beautiful thing;
The water is twenty feet deep in the yard;
The mud, it is soft, and the walking is hard.
The lark and the robin are swift on the wing,
And this is the song that the bluebirds sing—
"Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful spring!"

(Funeral on Tuesday.)—Crimson.

WE have received a copy of the Seventeenth Annual Report of Rutgers Scientific School.

THE following is from the *Queen's College Journal*: "*The Princetonian* is at hand. Gentlemanly in tone, not very interesting, but ranking in the first

rank of American College papers." Which part of this criticism will have the most effect on our D. S.? (Dear Sister.)

The Freshmen now go out,
The Sophs. begin to prey, (?)
And those who fear the Faculty
Had better keep out of the way.—*Argus*.

BROWN University is to have a scientific expedition, next summer, for the purpose of collecting specimens for the museum. A vessel has been chartered, and the trip will extend along the coast to Nova Scotia.

"What is that thing?" said Spilkins,
As he met a passing "fair,"
And saw its eyes, neath wave and crimp,
Which o'er its forehead dangled limp,
Give forth a stony stare.
"Methinks," said Wilkins, scornfully,
As he tossed his head in air,
"It has no brains to cudgel,
And so it bangs its hair."

PROF.—"Gentlemen, I was on a tour of observation, and was arrested at—" (Applause.) Prof.—"Gentlemen, I don't mean Trenton."

THE following are the LIT. editors from '83: H. G. Bryant, A. P. Carman, S. M. Davis, G. W. Gilmore, T. R. Paden, P. L. Rieman, W. K. Shelby, F. C. Woods, A. P. Carman and W. K. Shelby have been chosen Managing Editors.

A COMPANY has been formed for the immediate re-building of Chester Military Academy, which was destroyed by fire, Feb. 16th.

A NEW version—Tiger! ten—pages—long!

CHARLIE LINDSLEY has given up polling Blackstone, as light reading, for the *Household Guest Magazine*.

WHO says only foreign talent can draw a crowd, after the General's lecture?

"GENTLEMEN, every dog will defend," &c. A certain Senior thinks that this explains why Ohio men so ardently defend their fertile State.

"YES, sir; I heard that with these very eyes."

DR. SCOTT has begun his Lecture in the Junior Honor Courses in Geology, and the special Lectures preparatory to the Scientific Expedition. He will, during the third term, give practical field work to those who desire to enter the class.

At the Library Meeting, March 16th, Dr. McCosh announced that he would shortly publish a small volume on Cause and Effect, especially as influenced by the modern doctrine of the conservation of energy.

PROF. SCOTT is to read the paper at the next meeting on "The Brain."

SCENE—Library meeting: Prof. S.—“Prof. Alexander, have you not treated in your paper of Final Cause rather than of *cousa efficiens*?” Prof. Alexander, (blandly)—“I have carefully excluded all mention of Final Cause from my paper.” (Total collapse.)

CLIO HALL, Senior orations; H. Crew, first prize; W. W. Scudder, Jr., second.

PROF. SCOTT has been appointed Honorary Secretary for America, for the publications of the Zoological Station, at Naples, under Prof. Anton Dohrn.

ERRATUM—In the article beginning on p. 162, “La Saisiaz” should be ‘La Saisiaz.’

AFTER holding six class meetings over the subject, '82 has decided to leave no memorial.

A LAMP-POST in front of Edwards' would save numberless bruised shins and several “cuss words.”

WHIG Hall Lynde Debaters, J. C. Cromer, G. L. Day, T. Peebles; J. G. Hibben, alternate.

DRAWBACKS will hereafter not be paid to students. They will be deducted from the bills, or paid to parents. Schemers, take notice!

He comes with a tap,
With a bold, loud rap,
As only a Senior can.
Take up your pen
And write it again
And kick out the autograph man.

THE Committee on the Class Poem and Ode announce that competitions must be ready on the Ode by April 15th, on the Poem by May 20th.

What do you think
I saw the other day
As over the campus
I wended my way?
A racket on the stairway,
And from the entry door,
Half dreaming, hair disheveled,
A youthful Freshman tore.
He'd played at whist and poker
Almost 'till morning light,
And now to meet stern duty
He's in an awful plight,
The bell had ceased its ringing;
Afraid of being late
He leaped upon a pony
And rode a furious gait.
He hitched that little pony
Behind his ample chair,
And standing on the saddle
Made an egregious “tear.”

A most instructive lesson,
From this may Freshmen reap;
Don't kill yourself by walking
When riding is so cheap.

OUR sadly unappreciated labor of love is ended. We hear a noise outside the sanctum door; a brick-bat marked *Here and There* comes crashing through the pane. A vicious Tiger and eighty-three men are after us and we must be off.

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

"This kind of weather makes me tired," said the Ex. Ed. to the Gossip, yesterday. "Here two or three weeks ago it was just as warm and pleasant as anybody would want to have it. Of course then I had to go and sell my ulster to Patrique Oreillé and invest the proceeds in the Club concerts and silver-topped canes. I thought sure I heard the voice of the turtle singing in the land, but instead of that it was this miserable month of March going out like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Well he's got me," and the Ex. man walked off to try and borrow a cardigan jacket with deep pockets for holding hot bricks. So runs the world and the second term away.

Despite the cold snap our neighbors are beginning to awake out of sleep and are girding up their loins preparatory to securing one of the many miscellaneous championships that will be floating around this season. Base-ball, boating, athletics, lacrosse, tennis, &c., are all at hand ready for the highest bidder.

Winter sports have been held at Harvard and Yale, passing off very successfully. There seems good reason to believe that the Mott Haven games will attract a great deal of interest this spring. Nearly all the leading colleges have men in training for the different events, and there will probably be a lively contest between their respective representatives for the honors. Only give us our new cinder track in time. Base-ball is of course the leading attraction. Strange to say all the association nines have lost their last year's pitchers. This is an inexcusable oversight on somebody's part. A really good pitcher ought to be made to last for eight years at least, unless he gets married or some other similar casualty befalls him. There will also be unusual batting strength in this season's teams, making a lively fielding game.

Boating is already fully under way. Our transatlantic neighbors are preparing for the great Oxford-Cambridge race. Each crew has four or five of their old members in the boat, and it is hard to say which stands the better chance. Harvard and Yale are also on the water. Yale has her big men as usual, but Harvard has the advantage of retaining six of her last year's crew.

Coming nearer home, Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania are presumably hard at work preparing for the June regatta on the Schuylkill, but our crew. Oh! where, oh! where are they? Can it be possible that the hard-won trophy of last year's exciting struggle is destined to depart from our admiring eyes? But we shall no doubt gracefully submit; practice makes perfect, you know. We will be on hand, no doubt, with our usual nice, big, fat, handsome crew to faint in the boat, run on the bank or otherwise extinguish themselves. Anyway, they always wear pretty uniforms, and row so gracefully, and of course some one must be last. We want no dead level of mediocrity in ours. First or last all the time, we don't care much which.

This kidnapping business is about played out. Syracuse University started it, Cornell took it up and gave it a short-lived popularity, and now Dartmouth and Williston Seminary have tried their hands at it and run the whole thing into the ground. The ringleaders at the last two institutions have been severely sat on by their respective "Ferocities," and at Williston they have been arrested besides. It's really too bad that such an innocent and harmless amusement seems destined to an early and eternal oblivion. We had hoped to see it take a front rank among the other elegant and amusing usages in which the American student delights to indulge at the expense of his younger brethren. Alas that it never lived long enough to be surrounded with a halo of glory and defended as one of the things that our fathers used to do when they were in College. First funny, then tiresome, and finally disreputable, kidnapping a long farewell to you.

We had thought that by this time Sophomore-Freshman disturbances were over, for this year at least. But it seems not, for at Williams' '84 and '85 have been indulging in the annual cane-rush. In the midst of the conflict one of the Professors appeared on the scene and gallantly possessed himself of the bone of contention. The Professor should have had more moral courage and self-restraint than to permit himself to be carried away by a sudden burst of enthusiasm to possess a paltry stick that can be of no possible use to him. Some people seem to hold the erroneous impression that it is the undoubted and undisputed prerogative of the American student to behave himself in an ungentlemanly and offensive manner in public places and on public occasions, *vide* newspaper reports of Mr. Wilde's wounded sensibilities. By the way, the *Amherst Student*, in commenting on Mr. Wilde's experience at Harvard, Yale and Rochester, modestly remarks that Mr. Wilde must not judge American Colleges by what he has seen, that there are other institutions of learning in the United States besides those three. In other words "Come up and examine a model University with all the modern improvements, including the great go-as-you-please unapproachable, self-sustaining, Faculty take-a-back-seat, "a studentibus studentibusque" self-government machine. Bring a "statue along." This is indeed true. Let Mr. Wilde organize a base-ball nine to go up to Amherst and play a friendly game if he wants to see life. He won't complain after that that there are no ruins in America.

But, to return to our subject. It has been long the custom for the Oxford

undergraduates to have a racket during the conferring of degrees in Commemoration Week. They occupy the galleries during the performance, and do their best to make the unfortunate recipients of academic honors excessively uncomfortable. They keep up a continual storm of howls and yells from beginning to end, interspersed with such elegant witticisms as, "Ho! what a 'at! Pull down your west!" &c. We rejoice to know of this, for even Sixth Div. Chapel Stages may be, after all, in good form. Now our French *confrères*, on the other hand, are entirely different. Their amusements are confined to fencing and dancing. College journalism does not flourish among them. They have no distinctively French College songs nor secret societies. Le Quartier Latin is *sui generis*, and entirely removed from our ideas of a University town.

Memorial Hall, the Harvard Commons, is to be closed, unless the membership, which has been steadily diminishing from five to less than three hundred, can be increased to four hundred and twenty-five. At last accounts the required number had been attained. A writer in the *Harvard Herald* thinks that if the authorities would allow ale and beer to be provided at dinner, it would give a "social attraction, a homelike, comfortable air to the Hall, that few men would resist." This is indeed a happy suggestion. It's what they do at the "Varsities" in England, you know, and, of course, it would be the correct thing here. We suppose it is a counter-movement against the temperance association that is soon to be established at Harvard.

The *Harvard Herald* has had a brand of cigars christened after it, and *Lampy* has been similarly favored. But where is the "College Gossip" cheroot, or the "Lit." brand of cigarettes? Chance for enterprise, here.

The *Yale Courant* has been formally presented to the College by its former owner, Mr. McDonald, '78. Mr. McDonald says he has spent nearly \$5000 on it, and now knowing that he is not likely to get it back, nobly refuses to profit by his generosity.

The American School of Classical Studies has now become a settled fact, \$20,000 having been subscribed towards defraying its expenses for the next ten years. Fourteen of the leading American Colleges have been invited to take part in the work, and it is intended that the school shall receive its complement of members from them. The plan is briefly to afford men a chance to pursue their classical studies on classical ground, and it is believed that there will be no lack of applicants to avail themselves of the opportunity. Professor Goodwin, Harvard's distinguished Professor of Greek, has been selected as the first Director, and it is expected that the school will be formally opened some time next November. The plan has already been tried under French and German auspices, and there seems no reason to doubt but that the American experiment will be equally successful.

But all earthly things must come to an end at last, and the "Gossip" rejoices to think that he is no exception to the rule. The play is over, the curtain has been rung down—now let the weary actors depart in peace. The College world, and the cares thereof, we consign to those who shall come after us. "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*"

EXCHANGES.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."—*Macbeth, Act I., Scene III.*

Exchange editors occupy an exalted position. They are the observed of all observers, the envied of all enviers. Freshmen everywhere lift their hats to them, and Professors on all sides court their friendship. Each is admired by a host of the fair, who, at a respectful distance, perhaps sigh sweetly, "twenty love-sick maidens we," but who adore without hope. They mingle in the society of the just. Everybody reads their critiques, and studies their wise aphorisms. Their judgment is the standard of criticism among the multitudes.

And as they thus pose above the *vulgus profanum*, so their colleagues in the "Press-gang" come in time to recognize and bow before their superior judgment and morality. But veracity is their strong point. They all "tell the truth and shame the *Record*." They emulate the Father of his country in the hatchet scene, and view with utter scorn the careers of Mr. and Mrs. Ananias.

And so, although for variety's sake we were really desirous of uttering some harsh sentiment in this department before gracefully bowing ourself "down and out," truth and our dignity compel us to lavish praises upon the *Chronicle*. Ann Arbor is the source of this interesting sheet. Ann Arbor, we take it, is the embodiment of the good, the beautiful and the true. Hence, the *Chronicle* ranks proudly by the side of the *Princeton Press* and the *Philadelphia Ledger*. We don't discover any obituary poetry in its columns, to be sure, but here is a selection almost as sad. Tell us, *Chronicle*, dear, is the unhappy idiot who wrote "The Despondent Lover" dead yet? If not, guard him tenderly. He's too soulful for this world. Thus he moans:

THE DESPONDENT LOVER.

The sunlight fades in Temen,
The birds are sad and lone,
The tender rose-bud blossoms,
But it's beauty—it is gone.

My heart is like the tomb
Where sweet affections lie;
It's wrapped in gathered gloom,
For thou did'st bid it die.

I knew thou loved'st another,
I saw thy cold disdain
And strove my grief to smother,
But strove—alas! in vain.
I ask one boon of thee, my love;
Pray grant it for love's sake!
Oh, press me to thy bosom, love,
That on that rock my heart may break!

From the Pacific slope comes the *Occident*, representing the interests of the University of California. In addition to an excellent poem, and a well-written sketch, entitled "The Story of a Valentine," the *Occident* contains some sensible observations on "College Magazines." We quote from the remarks in question. Thus the paragraph ends: "The conspicuously excellent magazines in the College world are numbered by three. We hope we shall not offend any of our cotemporaries when we name those three as the *Yale Lit.*, the *Nassau Lit.*, and the *Vassar Miscellany*. And he would be a wise Exchange editor who could decide between them." We are inclined to agree with the sentiment.

Our spirits have risen this month to fever heat since the *College Mercury* was placed upon our table. This pure and tender offspring of the C. C. N. Y. is a dainty little "thing of beauty," and a "joy forever." After reading the flashy, sensational literature of our ninety-seven exchanges from Ohio, or the sombre, intellectual type of publications from the far "down east," the occasional contemplation of the exact mediocre in College journalism is really soul-refreshing. We suggest to the Government that the *Mercury* be published in Choctaw, in order to keep the Indians on our frontiers unexcited. "There's millions in it!" Why, Sitting-Bull and Stick-in-the-Mud, and all the rest of them, would go to sleep immediately after a single perusal of the *Mercury*. Thus a great saving of blankets and brandy would result to the country. We give a touching specimen of the graceful fiction of the *Mercury*. Thus beginneth chapter seventh of "Sunnyside; a Novellette of Vacation:" "Dum-founded at hearing of the loss of the money, I stood lost in amazement. 'By thunder!' was my ejaculation. 'Is the whole business gone, Miss Ellsworth?' 'No,' answered Maude, 'only the money,'" and so on. The story is commendably sad and heartrending. "Give, I pray, of thy sweetness," sobs the *Mercury's* poet, "pour down thy mystic starlight into my aching heart, that its smart may be healed by the balm of thy calm." The author, it may be said, is howling of "Night." On the whole, we lay aside the *Mercury* with a sigh.

While the *Detroit Free Press* is unfortunately not on our exchange list, nevertheless, she and we are on the best of terms, as may be inferred from the following truthful statement clipped from her columns:

"Some Princeton College boys offered to saw wood for a poor widow, but she replied, that if they would relay the four rods of sidewalk torn up by their crowd, she would ask Heaven to see to the wood-pile."

Now, there's an item for the New York *Sun* and *Herald*, the London *Times*, and the New Zealand *Hyperbolist*. Princeton fellows are a kind-hearted set. They love widows. Their noble generosity alone forced their going five hundred strong that cold, snowy August night to saw the poor woman's wood. They couldn't help it. And yet, while not questioning the intentions of the witty *Free Press*, we really fear it oughtn't to have painted our character in such brilliant colors. "Let not thy right hand know," &c., is the principle we work on.

The following gem is rescued from the gloomy depths of the *Berkeleyan*. As a humorous lyric it compares favorably, we think, with *Thanatopsis* or Baxter's *Saints' Rest*. Its metre is remarkable. Its deep, wild passion suggests a careful study of Walt. Whitman, or of "The Princeton Poets." It is too charmingly pessimistic for anything. As to soulful intenseness, the line, "Smiling, smiling, sadly smiling evermore," must be classed with the best work of Emerson or Browning. Don't get discouraged, little poet. Your muse is really immense:

SOUL SONG.

Come to me, O Muse. Fair truant,
Ever truant, never caught,
I will flood thy shrine with radiance
From my soul of souls; be taught
From thy lips the secret fire,
Only thou my song inspire.

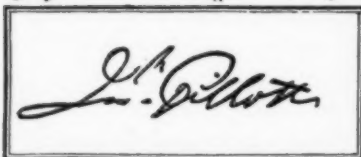
Then my Muse came to me,
With her sad face smiling ever,
Smiling, smiling, sadly smiling evermore,
"Hope not," she said, "thou canst never
Wake the sons of men with song
From thy soul of souls so strong.

The mutability of human affairs is suggested by the necessity of our finally shaking hands all around, and bidding our many hitherto welcome guests an affectionate adieu. A college year made eventful by an agreeable association with the wit and wisdom of a hundred colleges now passes into our history. Farewell, Ohio exchanges! We haven't read you all; yet we have nobly fought your enemies and are now your friend. Good-bye, *News*, and *Era*, and *Echo*, and *Herald*, ranking dizzily high among the dailies of the continent! May you—*Argo*, *Crimson*, *Advocate* and *Courant*—still flourish like the green bay-tree, till your glory shall cover the earth and New Haven! Bye bye, friends from Oberlin, Wesleyan, Cornell and Amherst! And lastly—must we say it—*Au revoir* Lasell *Leaves* and loveliest *Miscellany*! Thou wert the sweetest of them all; "for thee our tears shall fall." Henceforth to these friends of a year shall the sentiment be applied,—

"Tho' lost to sight, to mem'ry dear."

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